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1489. d. 22

THE

MERRY CAMPAIGN;

OR, THE

Westminster and Green-Park

SCUFFLE.

A

New Court Ballad.



L O N D O N :

Printed for B. DICKINSON, at *Inigo Jones's Head*, over against
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THE

MEMBER OF THE CAMPAIGN

FOR THE

REPRESENTATION OF THE GREAT PEOPLE

SECURITY



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T H E

MERRY CAMPAIGN, &c.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

GOD prosper long our noble Peers,
 And eke our Commons all;
 A woful Scuffle late there was,
 Near *Litigation Hall*.

To drub a P---r, with *mickle Might*,
 Bold C----e he took his Way;
 His L---p's *Bones* might rue that Night,
 The *Drubbing* of that Day.

With Cane uprear'd, in ireful Hand,
 Brave C----e th' Attack begun,
 Which from his L----p's batter'd Sconce
 Soon made the Blood to run.

The P---r enrag'd, return'd the same,
 Full fraught with Fury dire,
 His Breast glow'd with indignant Shame,
 To be drubb'd by a 'Squire.

Then thwick thwack fell the Blows like Hail,
 On Head, Back, Sides, and all;
 Good Lord! how eccho'd then the Rooms!
 Near *Litigation Hall*.

B

Sir

Sir *Bluestring* startled at the Noise,
 Cry'd out with Might and Main,
 A Plot upon the M---n---stry,
 We all shall here be slain.

Then out *Will. Addle* ran, to know
 Whence came the dreadful Sound ;
 And saw the Champions stout ingag'd,
 With many a bleeding Wound.

Hold your dead-doing Hands, cry'd he,
 Ye bold and hardy Wights ;
 Know ye not these Walls sacred are
 To Peace, and peaceful Knights.

Should but Sir *Bluestring* chance to know
 You caus'd here these Alarms,
 You would be ta'en in Custody,
 Of Serjeant clep'd at Arms.

Then Company running between,
 Did farther Harm prevent ;
 God knows there how much precious Blood
 Had otherwise been spent.

But still his L---p glowd with Ire,
 And bloody Vengeance vow'd,
 On him who had him thus abus'd,
 To cane him 'fore a Crowd.

Wherefore for Pen and Ink he call'd,
 And these Words strait did write,
 Which by a Brother P---r he sent,
 His Second in this Fight.

Meet me, said he, thou Recreant Knave,
 I mean thy Blood to spill,
 Because we will not parted be,
 On *Constitution Hill*.

A Second

A Second likewise with thee bring,
As I have one provided,
That all our Quarrels there at once
May fairly be decided.

The P---r straitway to th' Mitre goes,
And for the Lawyer sent,
Who to him instantly repairs,
Suspecting the Event.

C---e having soon perus'd the Scroll,
Was not the least dismay'd;
But, with a bold undaunted Air,
Thus to the P---r he said:

Go, tell my L---d, this Challenge I
With as much Joy receive,
As wou'd a condemn'd Criminal,
At *Tyburn*, a Reprieve.

I'll meet him there without delay,
Arm'd with my trusty Steel,
We soon shall see if he's a Man
Whose Arm my Blood can spill.

Then having ta'en a Second bold,
Unto the *Park* he flies,
Where long he had not been before
The two P---rs he espies.

Welcome proud P---r, quoth he, our Wrongs,
Shall now revenged be,
Or by my Fall or thine; this said,
He drew full manfully.

The P---r that Instant did the same,
And many Thrusts were made,
On both Sides, but no deadly Wounds
Were given, as is said.

Then

Then C——e, indignant at Delays,
 Straitway ran in and clos'd,
 And much Blood had been shed, had not
 Their Seconds interpos'd.

Oh! what a P——r might have been lost!
 And what a Lawyer too!
 But, thanks to Fate! they parted were,
 Nor did much Harm ensue.

God prosper long this peaceful Land,
 And Peace and Plenty send,
 And grant that all domestick Broils
 May have as harmless End.

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